Higher Places

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/74256876.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Dispatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Robert Robertson | Mecha Man/Sonar
Characters:	Robert Robertson | Mecha Man, Sonar (Dispatch)
Additional Tags:	Smut, Fluff and Smut, Porn, porn with a bit of plot? idk, Drug Use, someone gets accidentially drugged, just weed but if you don't like that pls skip, Cuddling & Snuggling, Panic Attacks, Mutual Masturbation, robert gets high and panics, sonar is here to help, Attempt at Humor
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-15 Words: 5,359 Chapters: 2/2

Higher Places

by attheendoftheworld

Summary

Robert decides to join his new coworkers for a party, but shit goes south when he accidentally gets way too high.
Sonar's ready to help him out - in more that one way.

Notes

aaaah, I got Dispatch brain worms and decided I had to write Sonar and Robert together. I just wanted to write some fluff and sleepy/relaxed cuddling that turns into smut.
Still not good at writing smut , even tho that's all I ever write, haha.
Apologies if the character's are OC, I tried my best. As usual: English isn't my first language and I'm just here to have fun :)
P.S. Smut is happening in the second chapter :D
Enjoy!

Chapter 1

“Mecha Dick! Didn't think you'd actually make it!”
“Glad to see you too, Flambae.”, Robert says, as he steps through the front door of the former villain's house.
“This way.” Flambea points him down the hallway. “You're late. Teams already here. Eh, most of them anyway.”

Robert makes his way down the long hallway, ignoring the wide staircase to his right. He expected Flambae to live comfortably, but this downtown villa seems a tad too extravagant. Does SDN pay *that well*? Maybe he needs to make an appointment with Blazer on Monday.

The end of the hallway opens up to a generous living room with an open kitchen concept taken right from an architect’s wet dream:
A raised ceiling, a lowered conversation pit and a gigantic glass front make for an interesting vibe - if one can call 70ies porno interesting. Robert stares at the huge, orange, U-shaped sofa. There’s a variety of pillows strewn upon it and Robert can’t quite decide which of them is the ugliest - they all have their own charm.

“Nice fireplace.”, Robert says, hoping that Flambae won't catch onto the sarcasm. “Goes well with the lava lamps.”
“Eat a dick, Robert Robertson. I don't take criticism from a guy whose suit makes him look like Optimus Prime’s hillbilly cousin.” Flambae retorts, but Robert can tell he's only playing. Wouldn't have been possible a month ago, he thinks to himself.

But that was before he bonded with his team over a drunken bar fight, before he told them about his secret identity. Sure, there had been a *transitioning period,* as he liked to call it, but eventually they had all come around. Even Flambae - although not before punching him in the face a couple of times. Robert was willing to pay that price if it meant his team would finally work together as… well, a team.
And they did.

That's how he somehow found himself in his former enemy's flat on a Friday night at 10 pm, staring down at colorful faux fur rugs and a wallpaper that can only be described as psychedelic, armed not with a weapon, but a decently nice bottle of whiskey.
“Just put the bottle on the counter by the buffet.”

“Robbie!” Prism's voice chimes crystal clear over the chatter. “Finally got ya ass here? You been stuck in traffic or what?”

She kisses him on the cheek, possibly leaving a bit of a lipstick smudge behind. Robert smells expensive perfume on her. When she steps back he notices that she's gone all out on her outfit for the evening.
It's crazy, but she somehow manages to look even better than she normally does.

“Yeah, actually. I can't fly or anything so…Uber it is.” he trails off. “Who else is here?”
“Whole Z-Team actually”, a velvety voice behind him says. Robert doesn't need to turn

around to recognize Malevola towering behind him.
“Sonar’s running late. Haven’t seen Visi, but that’s nothing new. Let’s see, who else…” Her tail wraps around a beer bottle standing on the counter. “Some guys from the downtown department are here well. They're all heroes”, she says the word heroes with only a tang of disgust. “but… we figured they're cool, so they can hang.”
With a skilled hand she cracks open the bottle using one of her horns as an opener and hands it to Robert. He takes a generous swing as he lets his gaze wander through the room.
There's a bunch of people he's met before, heroes from other teams in his department, but also some from downtown, that he's only ever seen in newspaper articles.
Then there's some faces he's never seen at the office. Some of them seem kind of…

“I'm assuming the rest of them aren't some scumbag villains, but honest, upstanding citizens?”
His eyes narrow as he spots a guy in a neon green suit that seems familiar. Has he been fighting him before?
“Yer God damn right they are! All good lads, paying their taxes and picking up their dog's shite from the sidewalk!”
Robert can't help but let a grin sneak onto his lips . “Hey, Punch.”
“What's up, Lad?” Punch clinks his bottle against Robert’s. Lately it seems he has started to forgive Robert for kicking out Coupé and is finally warming up to him. Might have to do with the fact that Coupé wasn't really cut out for hero work anyway.

“Come on Robbie, pull that stick outta your ass for once.”
“Ali- I mean Prism’s right.”, Malevola chimes in. “You're not on company time. Let loose. Have some fun tonight.”
As if on command the lights suddenly turn off, with the exception of some well-placed, colorful spotlights.
“Is that a disco ball?”
The effect on the atmosphere is instant, turning the room from a funky pornset to what a rollerblade Disco in 1974 must have looked like.
“Alright you assholes, time for some fucking music!”, Flambae announces just as the first beats kick in. Luckily he's chosen some modern tunes and not some fucking ABBA or some shit.
“I love that song!” Malevola is the first to race to the open spot in the middle of the room that's working as an impromptu dancefloor. The others are quick to follow.
Robert hesitates for a moment, taking another sip from his bottle.
They're right. He's not on the job right now. Who cares if there's a few villains among the party guests? His coworkers (he thinks the word friends but that's a scary word so he quickly pushes it away) are here, it's a Friday, there's free alcohol and snacks. Life could be worse.
And after all, it's just a little party. What's the worst that could happen?

—

“Sonar! Hey, over here!” Robert watches Sonar’s head turn in his direction as he crosses the dance floor. The Half-Bat-Half-Man spots him, waves and then quickly starts pushing through the crowd to join Robert over at the buffet.

Robert is happy to see him. He had his doubts about the man, back when it was on him to decide whether Sonar or Coupé should stay on the team, but Sonar has proven to be useful and surprisingly reliable - if one can ignore the occasional drug abuse.
He can tell Sonar's trying harder since he almost got cut out. He even thanked Robert for letting him stay and that was… kinda nice, actually.

"Hey man!"
"So, you don't have to yell, I got, like, Super Hearing, remember?", Sonar says, annoyance peaking through his voice. He's got a glass with dark brown liquid in one hand and his ears are nervously twitching.
"Right, sorry. What's up? What took you so long?"
Sonar shakes his large head. "Tried to find some earplugs in my size. Not a chance." His ears twitch again.
Robert hasn't thought about how annoying loud music must be for someone with super-human hearing skills.

"Are you gonna be okay?", he asks, trying not to sound too worried.
Sonar, who's busy looking through the buffet, shrugs. "Ya, I'll be alright." He picks up a suspicious looking pizza roll. "Did Flambae make these?"
"Yeah, uh, I'd avoid anything he made, unless you wanna spend the rest of your weekend weeping in the bathroom." Sonar raises an eyebrow at him but doesn't ask any further questions.
Robert picks up a couple of bite-sized brownies and hands one to Sonar. "Here, try one of those, they're actually not bad." He shoves another one into his own mouth.
"Cool, thanks, man. So anyway," Sonar says through chewing sounds "have you been talking to Blazer lately?"
Robert crooks an eyebrow. "Yes, I have…why?"
"It's just…" He inhales and Robert braces for the monologue that will inevitably follow. "I think I've been doing a really good job lately. That warehouse bust last Tuesday went *flawless*. Same for that tax fraud thing. I just don't think I'm getting enough recognition for my work."
Robert groans. "You don't actually wanna talk about work right now?" He pops another brownie into his mouth. "They're happy with your results. If this is about you getting cut, you don't need to-"
"No. Actually, I was thinking more like a raise?"
Robert sighs.
"You'll need to talk to Blazer about that.", he says plainly. "Your payment's none of my business. In fact I think you should be grateful you're even getting paid at all."

He grabs another brownie. Damn they really are good. He needs to find out who made them and ask them for the recipe. Not like he'd ever have time to bake. Although, maybe now that his Mecha Man days are practically over he could get into baking. Hell, he could start painting miniatures, pick up knitting or learn how to play an instrument.
The possibilities are endless.

"Robert?"
"What?"
"I said: if you could put in a good word for me it would really give me leverage on my

negotiation position."
Robert hardly catches any of that. There's something really weird happening with the lights. Prism's doing maybe?
He watches the lights dance over the floor, flickering and spinning, round and round again, over and over, endlessly repeating, light, shadow, light, shadow. Hypnotizing.
If he concentrates hard enough he can see they're actually moving backwards, all blurring into one big string of light, it's crazy, it's -

"... this course at Harvard and they - uh, Rob? You good? You sure you wanna eat another one of those?"
Robert breaks his gaze away from the floor. "Why? There's still a shitton left." He puts the treat into his mouth. Delicious. "Theres enough left for everybody."
Sonar suddenly shoots him an odd look.
"No, I mean because of the… drugs.", he says hesitantly.
"Drugs? What drugs?"
"The drugs. Inside the drug brownies." Another odd look. "You do know there's weed in there, right?"

The inside of Robert's mouth suddenly feels too sticky, too overwhelmingly sweet. He tries to swallow to get rid of the taste but his mouth is feeling dry and his tongue won't obey. Has his throat felt so dry this entire time?

"That's not funny.", he manages to croak.
"I'm not… Shit, how many of those did you have?"
"I uh… I don't know." Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. "Maybe four-"
Sonar raises his eyebrows. "Four?!"
"...Or six - I don't know." Has it always been so warm in here?
"Come on, how bad can that be?"

The way Sonar's ears flick to the side isn't helping with his onsetting panic.
"I don't know man, they're like, not normal weed brownies. You just ate a superhero dosage."
He takes one of the brownies and sniffs it. "A super superhero dosage.", he concludes.
"The fuck's that supposed mean?"
And why is the fucking floor moving on its own?

Instead of answering his question, Sonar pulls his phone from his pocket. He hands it to Robert, front camera open.
"I don't think I wanna take a selfie right now.", Robert says, trying to hand the phone back.
"Dude, take a look at your eyes. You look fucking crazy."

Robert takes a look, although he isn't sure he's ready to, quite literally, stare the damage in its eye. He's staring back at himself, dark eyes, pupils blown so wide he can barely see the irises anymore.
Fuck.
He's suddenly very aware of the way his heart is pounding in his chest, not in a nice, 'I'm excited, I'm having fun'- way, but more in the 'shit I think I'm having a heart attack' kind.

It's like his heart is trying to match the hammering beat of the music, **pow-pow-pow** the sound keeps drilling into his ears until it floods his entire brain, **pow-pow-pow** drowning out

his thoughts, **pow-pow-pow** (how long is this song? How long has he been standing here??) **pow-pow-pow** the floor beneath his feet is vibrating, has his entire body shaking, **pow-pow-pow** fuck is he going to faint? He feels sweat rolling down his back and eyes starting to stare at him.

“You good?”
Sonar stares at him, brows furrowed.
“I think I'm having a panic attack.” Robert mumbles, certain that half the guests heard him and are silently judging him.
“Shit, for real? Uh… guess I'll get you out of here then?” Sonar doesn't wait for Robert to reply. “Okay man, just stay here, I'll be riiiight back.”

Robert wants to protest, but Sonar disappears so quickly into the crowd that he has no chance to say anything. Nervously he places his hands on the counter and tries to count the seconds.

One, two, three, four.
Someone stumbles into him.
“Sorry, dude!”
Was that on purpose?

Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen.
He hears someone behind him giggle, turns around, convinced that they're making fun of him, of course, everyone has been watching him, heard his little confession, they're onto him, laughing about him, judging him.
“Not a real hero”, he can practically hear them whisper.
“Fucking pathetic.”
“Loses it over a few fucking weed brownies.”
His hands press down onto the counter, cold stone against his overheated skin.

Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six
He's feeling dizzy. This time it's not just his head. He's gonna black out any second he's sure of it. Robert looks up, eyes darting back and forth to try and find Sonar, but he's nowhere to be seen. The lights are hurting his eyes, too colorful, too loud, too overwhelming.
Fuck.

What if Sonar has decided to fuck off and leave him here? Why would he care about him anyway? They're not friends or anything, it's not like they're -
His head starts spinning and Robert sinks down onto the floor, back pressed against the counter, blood rushing in his ears. Fuck.
Can people die from weed? They can't, can they? Weed induced heart-attack? Is that a thing? Maybe not normal weed but super-strain villain fucking super weed?
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck, he's so fucked. He's so-

“Robbie? Why are you sitting on the floor?” Sonar crooks his head to the side. “Come on.” A strong arm pulls him up. “You good?”, Sonar asks again, patting imaginary dust off of Robert's shirt.
“Think I've been better.”
“Yeah, you kinda do look like shit. Your eyes are like- uh.” He stops, catching onto the way Robert starts turning even paler. “Nevermind. You're good. Let's go.”

They leave quietly, down the hallway, back through the main door.

The cold breeze of the night air is a blessing. So is leaving the blasting music behind them.
“Feeling Better?”
“Yeah.”, Robert exhales, shakingly. His hands are trembling, but at least he doesn't feel like he wants the ground to swallow him whole.
“Cool. Come on, I'm taking you to my place.”
“Aren’t you gonna fly us?”
“Okay, so three reasons why I'm not gonna do that. One:” He holds up a finger. “It's right around the corner. Cold air is gonna sober you up… I think. I don't know. I'm not an expert on being sober.” He shrugs.
“Two: You're look pale as fuck. Don’t want you vomiting into my fur.”
“Fair.”
Sonar adds a third, and final finger to the count.
“Three: if I turned into a huge bat right now I think I'd, like, traumatize you.”
Robert's mind instantly conjures a vivid picture of Sonar's Mega Bat form. He's never seen it live, but he's watched over the cams.
Red, glowing eyes, leathery wings and sharp claws. He shudders.
“Walking’s fine.”
“That's what I thought.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

cuddling and smut starts happening here, yay :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Do you mind taking off your shoes? I'm kinda weird about my floors. That wood was suuuuper expensive.” Sonar says, taking off his own shoes and hanging up his jacket by the door. “Thanks man. Appreciate it.”

It's the second time tonight that Robert gets to take a look at the way his coworkers live. Unlike Flambae, Sonar doesn't live in a villa, but he does own a nice top floor apartment with a gorgeous view.
Compared to Flambae’s Babies-First-Acid-Trip-Shack, Sonar's home feels almost minimalistic - and not in the depressive way that Robert's flat does.
It's… more classy than he expected. Cleaner, too.
Nice wooden floors, dark walls, clean furniture. The art on the wall looks expensive, but bland. Modern.
A red dot, a blue stripe. Robert stares at it. Red dot. Blue stripe. Red and blue. Red and blue make purple. Purple like Visi’s hair.
If he imagines it he can almost see the colors bleed together.

“You like it?”
Sonar appears behind him. He's switched out his suit for a casual shirt and boxer shorts.
“I'm afraid I don't get it.”
“Not much to get there.” Sonar says with more pride than warranted “The way I see it it's more like an investment. This shit is gonna triple in value in like 5 years.”
“Ahh.”, Robert replies, because he doesn't know what else to say. He's no expert but he doubts anyone is going to pay *any* money for a couple of dots and stripes on a canvas that look like a four year old could have painted them.

“Here. Drink some water. You'll probably need it. Got a fresh shirt for you in the bathroom. Think someone spilled their drink on you.”
Robert hadn't even noticed. He walks towards the bathroom then stops and turns around.
“Thanks, Victor.”
Sonar flashes him a toothy smile.
“De-fucking nada, bro. You would have done the same for me.”

___

Sonar had been right: The cold air (or maybe it was the quietness of the night) has helped calm his nerves. Robert still feels on edge, his senses overstimulated, but his heart rate is slowing down to an almost normal rhythm and he doesn't feel like he's about to black out anymore.
His reflection still reveals pupils the size of serving plates, though.
“Fuck.” He groans. Blazer can't find out.
He splashes water onto his face in a desperate attempt to sober himself up. It's fruitless. Of course it is.
He's gonna have to wait this one out.

The shirt Sonar has picked out for him is old and slightly worn-out, but that doesn't bother him. It's got a Harvard print (because of course it does) and smells clean, like soap and… something else. Robert brings the fabric closer to his nose. Sonar's cologne? His heart suddenly skips a beat and then starts galloping like a mad horse and for a second Robert is convinced he's going to die of *Super Weed* overdose after all.
He ignores the impending feeling of doom, sheds his dirty button-down and replaces it with the Harvard shirt. It's too big. Sonar also hasn't offered any sweatpants, but that's okay too - Robert is still feeling a bit sweaty. He decides to do as Sonar did and leaves his pants on the bathroom floor.

When he enters the living room, Robert is pleased to find that the bright lights have been turned off, the only light source now being the faint glow of the TV.
He sits down besides Sonar, on a surprisingly soft couch cushion.
Sonar gives him an up-down. “Hm. I remembered you being bigger.”
“Look, Victor, I'm sorry”, Robert begins, feeling his ears turning hot. “I guess I just kinda freaked out a little earlier. Didn't mean to ruin your night.”
Sonar just shrugs. “Eh, no worries.” He grabs the TV remote and starts zapping through the channels while Robert lets his head roll back and closes his eyes.

“Alright, I just gotta ask man, don't be mad: Is that your first time being high?”
“Second.”, Robert replies, eyes still closed. Now that he's done with his panic attack the relaxing effects of the drug seem to take over. His whole body feels like he's drifting in water. Such a weird sensation.
“I only did it once before and I did not like it. And that was like 15 years ago, so…”
“Only *once*?” Sonar sounds bewildered. “But that's what college is for: Drugs and booze.”
The TV lights flicker behind his eyelids, painting the most beautiful pictures Robert has ever seen.
“Guess we went to different colleges.”
“Guess so.”
Sonar's body next to him gives off warmth like a radiator.
“You like ‘The Office’?”
“Sure.”

Eyes open again. He's sinking deeper into the soft velvety cushion, thankful for the comfort after this fucked up evening. Thankful that Victor was there, ready to get him out.
Thankful for the quiet noise of an old tv show, familiar, calming.
“You think they're gonna talk shit about me?”
“Nah. You're good. Don't think they even noticed us leaving.”

At which point did the velvet pillow turn into Sonar? Doesn't matter. Sonar doesn't seem to mind Robert's head resting on his shoulder, his fingers mindlessly combining through the fur on his neck.
“It's so soft.” Robert mumbles, fascinated. He really never noticed.
"Yeah. I try to keep myself groomed. Helps with the clients and the girls.”
Sonar adjusts himself slightly, placing his arm around Robert’s shoulder in order to allow him to lay down more comfortably.

The TV continues running. Every once in a while Sonar chuckles softly. The lights paint soft colors onto the ceiling. Now that he's out of that neon colored hell hole that Flambae calls his home, things don't seem so terrible anymore. Wherever Robert looks, everything seems to be covered in a soft fuzz, a blur, like some shitty Instagram filter.
“You know… This isn't so bad actually.”
“That's what I keep saying! Everyone hates season 8 but I think it's just more challenging, like, intellectually.”
“I wasn't talking about the show.”
“Oh.”

Time moves like syrup, sweet and thick. Has it been 10 minutes? 20? An hour? Next to him Sonar is chewing on something soft. Robert turns his head.
“You did not seriously steal those from the party?”
Sonar swallows. "What? It's free drugs. That's, like, my favorite thing. Not just drugs, Roberto. Free. Drugs.”
“Is that why you didn't fly us here?”
“Dude, I'm flying high *all the time*.”
“Don't ever let Blazer hear that.”
“Yeah, no shit.”

How long has Sonar been drawing circles on his arm? It feels funny, tingly, goosebumps creeping over Robert's skin.
Victor’s hands are soft, unlike Robert’s. More proficient in holding a pen than a wrench.
He's never seen Sonar without long sleeves and he has no idea how much of his body is covered in fur.
His eyes trail up Sonar's arms.

His hands and wrists are fur-free, but his upper arms are showing some soft fuzz that turns denser towards his neck.
Robert wonders if it's covering his chest as well.
And the rest of him?
Heat rises up in his stomach and Robert quickly crosses his legs.
The thought is both uncomfortable and exciting and it comes with a tang of guilt Robert hasn't felt in a while.
That's stupid. You're stupid. And high. High and stupid.

The minutes pass and judging by Sonar's increasing giggles he's got at least a bit of a buzz going on by now.
When he chuckles his whole chest vibrates and Robert involuntarily imagines the muscles under his shirt flexing and relaxing again.

Smooth skin on his chest, probably, but perhaps some stripes of fur on the side of his hips, leading down to his-
Ah, shit.
Sonar's fur tickles the back of Robert's neck which is kinda nice, while Robert's dick rubs against his underwear, which is kinda uncomfortable.

Somewhere in the background the voices of Pam, Andy and Co. are interrupted by an annoying jingle. Commercial break?
“Dude, you don't have Netflix?”
“Canceling Netflix saves you up to 200$ a year, Rob. Work smarter, not harder.”
Would his dick be more on the human or more on the Bat side?
Fuck.

Robert realizes that he should probably excuse himself to the bathroom to take care of his problem and he would, if he didn't feel so incredibly lazy. At this point moving his body feels like an impossible task, so instead he presses himself deeper into the couch cushions, hopelessly trying to hide the fact that he keeps getting harder by the minute.
Robert squirms, shifts, tries to adjust his painfully hard dick.
Prays Sonar doesn't notice.
Hopes he does notice and decides to do something about it.

In a desperate attempt to distract himself Robert forces his head up and his eyes onto the TV screen.
Perfect.
Nothing more unsexy than commercials.
Cereal, cars, clothing.
None of that spikes his interest in the least, but it's distracting enough to keep his mind out of the gutter.

That is, until a commercial with a barely dressed woman on a sofa pops up on the screen. A phone number (actually it's just the number 69 being repeated several times. How creative.) flashes over the screen while the woman asks the viewer to **CALL NOW.**
Well, that's not exactly helping.
Robert clears his throat. “That's a… weird channel.”
“It's European. I'm bumming it off the couple down the hallway.”
“I see.” Robert mumbles. The woman is still trying to get people to call. Apparently the best way to do that is to get rid of her bra and play with her tits. Robert can't say it's not working.

“Rob?”
“Yeah?”
“Can I… uh. Can I touch you?”
Robert looks down to his arm where Sonar is still running his fingers over his skin.
“You already are touching me…?”, he says slowly.
“Uh, yeah. Not like that. I mean can I, uh.”, he trails off, pauses, then starts again. “Can I jerk you off? Please?”

The seconds pass while Robert tries to grasp the meaning of the words he just heard.
Is that the weirdest thing anyone on the team has ever said to him?

Please.
Maybe he's hallucinating.
Sonar seems to take his silence as rejection, because he quickly follows up: “It’s like, no pressure, dude. Cool if you're not into that. I'm not, like, gay or anything.”, he says, as if Robert cares. “I've just never done it. With a guy. And you trying to hide your boner is pretty distracting.”
Robert is way too high for this. He practically feels the screws turning in his head as he's trying to process this load of information.
“Isn't that what college is for? Jerking off your friends?”
That seems to catch Sonar off guard. “I uh. I didn't have many friends in college.”
“Cause you're 50% bat?”
“No, cause I was 100% an asshole.”

Please.
Fuck, the idea of hearing that again makes his head spin.
Fireworks behind his eyes.
Sonar's fingertips setting his nerves on fire.
He tries to imagine how Sonar's hands would feel traveling further up, running over his neck, his chest. Touching him ever so lightly. Maybe rolling his thumb over the sensitive skin on his nipple before, finally, reaching down to where he really needs to be touched.

“Sure, yeah. Go for it.”
“Shit, for real? That's sick.”
He doesn't hesitate, pulling down Roberts shorts by the waistband.
“Just so you know, you're kinda weird for letting me do this.”
“Says the one who asked to jerk me off.”
“Fair. Okay, ready?”

Soft, long fingers wrap around his dick as Sonar gives him a careful stroke.
“Fuck, you're so hard already.”
He rubs his thumb around the tip of Robert's dick, spreading precum all around it. Robert tries to bite back a moan, but fails miserably.
“Fuck-”
“Don't worry, we'll take it slow.”
Robert worries ‘slow’ might make him lose his mind.
Sonar starts moving his hand in an agonizing rhythm.
It's needles through his body, electric shocks everywhere all at once. He needs it so bad, wants to feel more and less at the same time. Feels like his body can't take the featherlight touches much longer.
That can't be how Sonar touches himself when he jerks off?

“Faster.” He's surprised at how desperate his voice sounds. “Please.”
Sonar leans in, placing his mouth close to Robert's ear.
“Fuck, Rob, you can't just say shit like that.”, he mumbles, voice low. “You got me suuuper hard right now.”
A new wave of heat flashes through Robert, flooding his brain with endorphins and new ideas that he can't articulate right now.

“Been thinking about you for weeks.” Sonar continues. “Imagining how you'd look on your knees. Sucking my dick. Didn't think I'd actually get a chance.”
Sonar’s hands suddenly leave his body, an almost painful experience that makes him wince quietly.
“Fuck, it’s too hot in here.” He quickly pulls his shirt over his head, mindlessly tossing it onto the floor.
His body looks exactly like Robert imagined.
Robert reaches out, runs his trembling hand over Sonar's chest, feels his muscles and the patches of fur that trail down from his sides towards his crotch. It earns him a shudder, but when he tries to trail further down Sonar catches his hand.
“Hey, uh… you sure? Don't want you to freak out.”
Instead of answering, Robert leans in for a kiss.

He goes in too fast, catching Sonar off guard. His razor sharp teeth collide with Robert's lip, tearing the skin ever so slightly. A moment later Sonar drags his tongue over his lip, unable to withstand the temptation. He does it slowly as if to savor the taste.
“Shit, you're gonna drive me insane.” It almost sounds like a growl. “Holy shit. Alright.”
His breathing is going fast and ragged and this time he doesn't stop Robert when he places his hands on him and pulls down his shorts.

He's big. A dark shade of pink, hard and already leaking.
Robert slides his hand along the length, slowly, partly as payback for the way Sonar tortured him, partly because he wants to be able to remember every detail, every twitch of Sonar's dick, every hitched breath, every suppressed moan.
“You like that?”, he tries. He's not an expert on dirty talk, but the way Sonar's head rolls back, the high-pitched whine coming from his throat, he thinks it works.
“Fuuuck, yeah”, Sonar moans. “Don't stop-” His voice cracks at the last word.

His own hand finds its way back to Robert's cock, but his movements are sloppier now, more eager. Faster, harder.
Robert’s nerves are burning, pulsing hot through his entire body. He feels himself getting close, the release he's craving so badly right in front of him, yet somehow out of reach.
A desperate sound spills from his lips, arousal and frustration all the same.
In response Sonar picks up the speed once more, pumping him harder.
“Fuck. I'm so fucking close. Think you're gonna cum for me, Robbie? Think you're gonna spill all over me?”
His free hand finds the back of Robert’s head and he pulls him in for a kiss that’s all tongue and desperate moans.
Seconds later a twitch runs through his entire body, his head rolls back once more.
“Fuuuck I'm gonna-”
Sonar shudders as he comes hard, hot cum shooting out in pulses, dripping over Robert's hand.
It's enough to finally tip Robert over the edge.

He's falling. Hard.
His brain melts like wax as waves and waves of pleasure start crashing over him, threatening to drown him alive, killing him with stratospheric bliss.
He's no longer aware of any sound he makes, no longer responsible.

It's probably only seconds but in his drug addled brain it lasts for minutes, every thought he ever had gone and forgotten.
“Fuckfuckfuck”, he hears himself say, over and over again, because that's all he manages to think.

Shit, if he dies right now at least he's gonna die happy.
That's the first coherent thought he has afterwards.
“Rob? You still with me?”
He opens his eyes, slowly, not quite ready to head back to reality.
“Yeah.”, he mumbles.
“Was that fun?”
“Yeah.” Robert repeats, eyes already falling shut again. He just wants 5 more minutes of this. 5 more minutes of oxytocin racing through his body. 5 more minutes of not-a-care-in-the-world.
“Cool. You uh… jizzed all over my sofa, by the way.”
Robert reaches out. Finds Sonar. Puts his head on his shoulder. Soft. Warm. Comfy.
“Uh-huh.”, he says, already drifting off. “Sorry about that.”
Somewhere in the background the show continues.
“Oh, sick! That's my favourite episode!”, Sonar says.

Yeah. All things considered, this evening wasn't so bad after all.

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna confess I have never seen The Office, so if season 8 isn't hated by the community I apologize. I just googled worst season and went with that T_T

Nobody count the amount of times I used the word "Fuck". It's embarrassing.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!